

# THE COURIER-GAZETTE.

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## LARKS ABROAD.

SHOWING YOU HOW TO GET  
OUT OF IRELAND ALIVE.

The Sights of the Principal City—A Specimen of Car Driving Iniquity—Dean Swift's Pulpit—Tom Moore's Birthplace—How to Buy a Book—A Few Random Notes That Have Been Crowded out of Previous Communications.

SIXTH LETTER.

Dublin, besides being the chief city in Ireland, is also without question the dirtiest. Other writers for generations past have commented upon the fact. I see no occasion to differ from their charmingly unanimous opinion. As we drove by jouncing our down the south side of the Liffey toward our hotel, we remarked a row in interesting progress between two ragged laborers, one of whom as we passed was engaged in the faceless occupation of knocking double knocks with his opponents head on the cobble-stone flagging. He seemed to be enjoying himself vastly, but I thought as we passed that I detected an expression of annoyance creeping into the face of the man who was unlearned, whence I concluded, that if the thing continued in being was likely to be engendered. As we swept on the crowd was closing in and cheering with the liveliest satisfaction, and everybody appeared to be enjoying himself. I was sorry to miss the continuation, for I dearly love to see a row.

"Three shillins, as ye please, sorr," the driver said with a touch of his cap, as he dropped us at the door of a hotel in a very dingy street.

"Nay, not so, Herminius," we contended. "For look ye, honest friend, we know the law—know it thoroughly—and it sayeth thy due is but one shilling sixpence, and twopenny for each bit of luggage—whilst I—a sixpence more. Here be two shillings, worthy man. That and that alone is thine."

In vain he blustered—in vain his threats. When he was exhausted I quickly took out my note-book and jotted down his number from the big tin tag that dangled from his coat. That sobered him. Meekly then accepted he his legal fee, and again we scored ourselves a victory. We left a pile of it, too, but the very next day we drove what we thought was a smart bargain with one of these same rascals, whereby we paid him \$3.12 for three hours' use of his vehicle, when by the lawful rate we should have paid him only \$1.12. And the worst of it was, the cold-blooded scoundrel so carried on his dicker that the entire odium of the affair fell on our side. We didn't discover this, however, until it was too late to be of any assistance to us. The only thing we have whereof to comfort ourselves is the reflection that these car drivers are sometimes thrown violently to the ground and seriously hurt.

HOTEL THINGS.

Nearly all the hotels we thus far have come in contact with are presided over by women—"Missus," as she is denominated. She is invariably a very fat woman with no perceptible waist, and carries a face whose red surface bespeaks a friendly acquaintance with good liquors. Very agreeable is she, but moderate at times to a degree that exasperates the impatient American. Such was the presiding genius of the hotel where now we were deposited, and who with much difficulty was resurrected from some mysterious recess behind the bar and brought upon the scene of action by the barmaid.

"Can we get lodgings here, tonight, marm?" the Judge inquires with quite the manner of Mr. Pickwick himself.

"Oh, yes, sir," the landlady assents, smiling amiably. "A double-bedded room?"

"A double-bedded room," the Judge repeats, firmly; "a double-bedded room with a fire in it."

All this will be rapidly forthcoming, we are graciously informed, so forth we wander, to see what there is to see. Dirt there is in abundance—on the buildings, in the streets, upon the women and men and children—oh, there are just dead loads of it upon the women and men and children. I don't know what would become of the streets if the inhabitants we encountered hadn't obligingly taken it upon themselves to carry so much of the dirt about with them and so the better accommodate the needs of pedestrians. When in an hour or two we got back to the hotel, there lay our luggage where we had left it.

"Is our room ready?" the Judge mildly asked.

"Presently, sir," the girl replied.

Half an hour dragged its slow length along, while we knocked our heels together and thought of one thing and another and one thing and another. Again the Judge rings.

"Is the room ready?"

"The fires are not built yet, sir," timidly answers the girl.

Then the Judge calls for missons and demands our luggage, whereas misson, with her head on one side in a conciliatory fashion, begs that we wait be impatient, and assures us that the room is now quite ready—whereupon "boots" precedes us up six long and tortuous flights of stairs and introduces us into a sort of carpeted closet, whereof two Rocky Mountain beds usurp the greater part of space, while a few unsavory-looking coals struggle to emit a blaze in a grate about the size of a family coffee-pot. Boots looks at us inquiringly. We dismount, and then I attack the fire, while the Judge sits on the edge of the bed and groans.

It is long, long past bed time before we have finally coaxed that fire into a grateful (no pun intended) blaze. So it often has been with us.

They burn here soft coal exclusively, and it is a popular superstition with chambermaids, but should they ever employ more than three or four small fragments of wood in starting a fire they would instantly drop down dead. So he fires two orders invariably flutter about in idle fashion, while we sit by their side and write letters and lay up upon ourselves rheumatism. Then when at a late hour we crawl

dispiritedly into bed and sink into a troubled sleep, the coals start up with wonderful energy and burn with overpowering heat until morning. Then all is cold and cheerless again. Perhaps all travellers do not meet with our unhappy experience. If they did Ireland would draw very few cold-blooded visitors, except in the middle of summer.

The next day we removed our expensive patronage to another hotel—that of the London & North Western Railway, where we found everything of the best—both in appointments and service. When you go to Dublin try it.

SOME OF THE SIGHTS.

St. Patrick's Cathedral, chiefest among all Ireland's, occupies the site where so long ago as A. D. 880 there stood a church said to have been built by St. Patrick himself. A part of the present structure dates from 1191, but its present magnificence is due to Guinness the great Dublin brewer—"Guinness stout," you know,—who a few years since expended nearly a million dollars in the cathedral's restoration. Jonathan Swift the distinguished writer and politician was dead here from 1713 to 1745, and the fact that he, together with his famous "Stella," lies buried here, doubtless more than anything else attracts Americans to the spot.

We looked for the two marble slabs marking their resting places—looked for them out in the churchyard, of course, as any one would do. We looked about from tomb stone to tomb stone and got into the wet grass but nothing of the sort could we discover. Some children were playing "tag" about the graves. They didn't know, they said, where Swift was buried—one of them even had the hardihood to affirm that he didn't know he was dead. Then I made another exhibition of that asinine thing for which I appear to have come abroad especially to render myself conspicuous. I saw a little old man with shrunken shanks and dressed in some sort of ecclesiastical garb coming out of the cathedral side-door, whom I accosted:

"Good morning, sir," I said.

"Morning—morning," he returned pleasantly, nodding his head briskly, and smiling in an affable manner.

"My good man," I proceeded with a patronizing air, "can you point out to me the graves of Swift and his Stella?—You are the sexton are you not?"

"Oh, he-he!" laughed and coughed the little old man, "he-he, he-he, no—no—You'll find 'em inside the church—inside he-he! Oh, no—no—'I'm not the sexton—I'm a little higher than that—he-he!"

I muttered some sort of apology—about my being a foreigner and not understanding the language fully, and a lot of foolishness like that—but truly I was embarrassed, and I was glad when the little old man in black moved on, which he did with many a cough and laughing shake of the head, in undoubted amusement at being mistaken for the sexton, and calling back for my edification as he vanished:

"I'm a little higher—he-he!—oh, yes, I'm a little higher than the sexton. I'm the Dean."

Fancy my patronizing the successor of Dean Swift!

Inside the cathedral are numerous interesting objects in the way of memorial tablets and the like, notably those to Curran, Samuel Lover, and Rev. Chas. Wolfe, who wrote the poem on the burial of Sir John Moore, but that which relates to Swift attracts the most attention. It consists of a bust and monument displayed on the wall of the south aisle. The famous inscription was written by himself in Latin, and reads:

Here lies the body of Jonathan Swift, D. D., Dean of this Cathedral Church, whose fierce indignation can no longer read the heart.

(By way, say, and imitate if thou canst one who, so far as in him lay, was an earnest defender of Liberty.)

The remains lie under the cathedral floor close by, beside those of "Stella," whose inscription on the wall is partly as follows:

Underneath lie interred the mortal remains of Mrs. Hester Johnson, better known to the world by the name of Stella, under which she is celebrated in the writings of Dr. Jonathan Swift, Dean of this Cathedral. She was a person of extraordinary endowments and accomplishments, in body, mind and behavior; justly admired and respected by all who knew her, on account of her many eminent virtues, as well as for her great natural and acquired perfections.

As we stood over the two slabs covering these graves the little shivered-up sexton said, in a very slow and solemn manner and without any tears:

"Two years ago they had these graves dug up in making repairs, and I myself held the skull of Stella in this identical hand. And would you believe it, gentlemen, seven of the teeth on one side of the jaw were as whole and perfect as yours this very day."

The old sexton Swift used to preach from a stand on one side in a dark and dismal corner, tall and cheap and ill comporting with the magnificence all about it, but dear for the associations it conjures up.

"Can't I have a slip off that pulpit?" the Judge asked.

"Oh, no—oh no indeed," the little sexton hastily replied, in a voice of utmost horror.

"I'd like a bit of it," the Judge said, incidentally lifting a shilling out of his pocket. "Don't you think it could be done?"

The sexton eyed the shilling and shook his head doubtfully. The Judge slipped the shilling into his hand. The sexton glanced cautiously around.

"Not a soul," I interposed assuringly.

"I haven't any knife," the sexton helplessly said.

"I'll lend you mine," the Judge obligingly offered.

The little sexton took the knife and vanished into the gloom. He was gone so long a time that the Judge followed to investigate, when he found that the tough old piece of furniture wherein Swift had slumped out many a note of eloquence was proving too much for the feeble-armed sexton. But American strength added to Irish greed of gain were not to be resisted. I heard a noise as of splintering and

tearing of wood, and presently the forms of the two conspirators issued from the gloom.

The Judge divided perfectly fair. We'll show you the pieces when we get home, but you love us, not a word till we are out of this country. Should the deed be known our lives would not be worth a minute.

OTHER SIGHTS.

The streets, like all the streets of the cities here, are plentifully bespangled with statues and monuments erected to the memory of great men. Those of Nelson and Wellington are the most imposing, and Goldsmith, Gray, O'Connell, Moore and others are gratefully remembered in marble and bronze. There are some very handsome stores to be seen on Sackville street, the principal business thoroughfare, but for its size Dublin can hardly compare with American cities for its stores—or perhaps I ought to say shops, as they have no "stores" over here. The castle, the seat of viceregal government, is a gloomy looking structure, in no way remarkable save for its exterior ugliness, is detested by every Irishman who loves his country—detested for the scandals of government that hover about its unsavory precincts and for the unpopular Earl Spencer who represents the English government within its walls. There are a number of other public buildings, notably the Custom House and the Four Courts, but none that are prominent from an architectural point of view.

At No. 12 Angler street is the birthplace of Thomas Moore, the great Irish poet. It is a three-story building of dirty brick, the lower part occupied as a tea-shop and drinking place. In its face, just under the window of the room in which Moore was born, is set a small marble bust of the poet. The proprietor of the shop obligingly conducted us up two flights of very rickety stairs, refusing our tender of sixpence for the favor, and pointed out the room wherein the embryo poet fetched the first yell of life. It was a dirty room, about a dozen feet square, occupied as a bedroom by the family who rented the tenement. Our conductor thought there had been no changes made in the room since the poet's time. This may have been true of the linen on the bed, but I hardly liked to go the whole hog, as the unlabeled people in America say. However, the shop-keeper had done the best he could for us, and we found no fault. It was something to see the room itself in which one of the many great men that Ireland has given to history began to keep folks up nights with the cello. I wonder what makes babies—new babies, I mean—have the colic.

We invested six shillings each here for umbrellas. The man of whom we bought them gave us his word that for keeping off rain they would surpass any umbrellas we ever saw. They are indispensable articles in these parts, where it rains at the most inopportune moment and apparently with not the slightest reason in the world. We also dropped into a shop for the purpose of buying a view or two of Irish scenery, and were treated by the proprietor, who was an optician with a marked impediment in his speech, to a clear and exhaustive exposition of Irish politics, a subject upon which we have received not a little enlightenment during our brief sojourn here. I would not undertake to repeat the half this gentleman said—and indeed were I so to do, with his name, and the name become known in Dublin, hectoring by the adherents of English government would speedily make an end of him—but as you will may understand, his sentiments were entirely for a home government in Ireland, which he believed was to be the only means whereby his country could be saved. We have fallen in with a great many Irishmen of culture and evident ability, who knowing us to be Americans, have thus frankly expressed themselves. We have found among them no desire for separation from England, but only the wish to be allowed to govern themselves. Neither do we discover any spirit of violence rampant, but on the contrary the machinations of the dynamiters and other self-styled liberators of Ireland are viewed with the detestation they deserve. I attempt of course no deep and weighty elaboration of Irish politics. I only allude to what incidentally came under my observation; yet that, slight as it was, was sufficient to indicate something of the true spirit animating the hearts of the Irish nationalists erstwhile the land hungerers. In Charles Stewart Parnell they behold their Moses and through him they hope most ardently for a Promised Land. And yet Moses died with only a glimpse of Canaan permitted him. Poor Erin is still wandering, fatigued and weary, in the wilderness of tenantry and bogs.

Phoenix Park is one of Dublin's chief points of interest, and indeed is one of the most beautiful public parks in the United Kingdom, its 1700 acres, under high state of cultivation, constituting a public breathing place that is peculiarly refreshing to encounter in the midst of a big and rather ugly city. In all its curvilinear spots that most attracted us was that where the desperate conspirators stabbed to death Secretary Burke and Lord Cardenish, the latter of whom had but a few hours before been landed in Dublin and was being shown by his friend the sights of the city. Against him the murderers held no grudge, and it was only that he bravely interposed when they set upon his companion the secretary that the desperate villains sent their knives also into his young heart. The tragedy took place at the side of the broad thoroughfare that makes through the center of the park, a spot open to the public and unobscured by any sort of foliage. That the crime could thus be perpetrated unseen, in such an open spot and in the broad day, is beyond belief remarkable. Two large crosses are scratched deep in the sandy soil and mark the spots where the murdered men expired.

Basking quietly in a shop window on Eaton Quay I saw a delightful old book on Irish life, illustrated by "Phiz," the successful artist employed on Dickens's earlier works. I asked the price.

"Six shillins," said a little dried-up old woman with face and hands like parchment and with more hair growing on her chin than seemed called for in one of her delicate sex.

"Too much," I remarked, and turned to go.

"Five shillins," she insisted, reaching out the book.

I shook my head.

"Five shillins," she pleaded, fondling the book lovingly in her parchment hands; "five shillins is cheap for such a beautiful book. Why, Duffey was round here, only the last Saturday that ever was, to get a copy for five shillins—but we hadn't none, then."

I turned away again with another shake of the head, though I knew the price she asked was reasonable enough.

"Four, then," she called once more, raising her cracked voice as I got into the street.

"Three," I said.

"Three shillins!" she reproachfully rejoined, holding the book up to the light. "Three shillins for a book as Duffey would be dying to give five for!"

I started off.

"Here—here!" the old woman screamed, "take it for three!"

So I made another excellent trade for the book for its illustrations alone was worth double the price I paid for it. Besides, I succeeded in keeping it out of Duffey's hands. I didn't know who Duffey was, but if he had got his Irish clutches on that particular volume I believe I should have died with mortification.

At Dublin I took a bath.

IRISH SOOT-BROOD.

Our sight-seeing in Ireland ended here and we crossed over into Wales. As I strive with ill success to recall what I have hastily recorded in previous letters of the country and people, and our own personal relations thereto, for the brief season we spent there, I fear me that I have written to small purpose, and the printer who prints and the reader who reads the lucubrations I have been at the trouble to send across the water will alike be meagrely repaid for their pains. I cannot help this—I can only feel sorry for it. Kindly include me further to the extent of a few fugitive recollections of a land in which I found so much that pleased and so many warm-hearted people and then we will cross together into the mountainous regions of Wales.

I saw no red vests and no green coats. Occasionally I met a pair of knee trousers, and the fringe of red whiskers extending from the left ear down under the chin and up to the right ear again was a frequent adjunct of the scenery. I saw only one shillalah, and that was offered me for sale the first day ashore. From these and other collateral observations I conclude that the Irishman known to the American stage is largely a creature of fiction.

An Irishman almost invariably begins a sentence with "Sure," employing the word to about the degree and in much the same manner I should say that an American says "Well." The narrator of Irish dialogue always spells this word "bhure." If my reader can point out to me the difference in pronunciation between sure and bhure I would be happy to hear from them by return mail. Address me at London, third door on the right.

The name American is passport to any Irish heart. They call America their second home, and their eyes are ever bent across the sea. "From north to south, from east to west," remarked a Belfast lawyer, "in all the expanse of this isle and in every home, when you touch America you touch an Irish heart." It is astonishing to note the enormous numbers of old people and children, as compared with the young men and women who give to a nation its life. The latter study the details of emigration for the past two score years. Every train bound for the ports of embarkation is alive with those who are seeking in a new world the home and fortune that ought to be possible to them here. Many a gray-haired old man and woman told me with pride of a son or daughter "doing well" abroad—in Michigan or Idaho, for example—and wondered mightily that I never had heard of them—for they're the vaguest ideas of the distances in the United States. Old men who got about with picks and aged crones long since past active service assured me with the utmost solemnity that another year at the farthest would see them in "America"—soon as ever John or Sarah sends them money enough for an ocean ticket. Poor souls, it's a happier place than "America" I'm hoping they will see. It would make you smile to hear the earnestness of these poor old creatures—you would have to smile to keep from crying, for I do believe nothing could be more pathetic.

Coming from a land of prohibitory laws, perhaps one is impressed as much as by anything else with the freedom with which liquors are dispensed. Every second shop entrance is embellished with signs setting forth the unparalleled excellence of the drinks for sale with in. At table everybody has his glass of wine, whiskey or beer—chiefly the two last named. It is not strange therefore that the visitor, even though he does not while in Ireland do as the Irish do, speedily ceases to wonder at this phase of society, and views the beverages flowing down the open mouths about him, with the utmost unconcern. There is very little drunkenness visible upon the streets—I saw but one drunken man in Ireland, and he was only merry. But the careless dropping of the copper into the bar till his sequel in much of the squalid misery one sees all about him. I am not examining a temperance sermon down your throat, but this moral stands out too prominently to be overlooked or disregarded.

I suppose I shall never know why the old women here wear such abominably short dresses. Surely it is totally incompatible with the expanse of painfully shrunken limbs thus needlessly—and, it seems to me, cruelly—exposed to the rude gaze of an unsympathizing world.

A by no means unpleasant feature of the moving throngs in cities are the bright, smart uniforms of the queen's soldiers, who in their red jackets trimmed with white their dark trousers, their very jaunty caps hung with enormous plumes on the extreme tip of one ear, and daintily switching light, slim canes, strut the streets in great numbers to the vast admiration of the populace and the unlimited damage of the servant-girl heart. At this time, when the air is filled with rumors of war, both the

regulars and volunteers are kept in daily drill, and I had frequent opportunity of studying the army material of her majesty. The element of surprise is found in the extreme youthfulness that these ranks discover. Remarking the countenances of almost any passing company one would place the average age at twenty-five. This vast standing army is costing the British civilian a heap of money. It is an expensive thing to be a big nation—on this side of the world.

The soldier is numerous but not now in use as regards this island—though just what degree of intimidation is exercised by the large number of red-coats in barracks here I would not undertake to conjecture. The government police preserves order, and I do not think it is everywhere. The smallest town or village is ornamented by his blue coat, helmet and silver trimmings. He stands on the platform of every railway station. You see him. You feel that at any moment you can bring yourself under the law's protection. There is a wonderful degree of security imparted by this ubiquitous blue-coat. He is also a most valuable hand at imparting information. I wish I could get one of them to write these letters.

I don't know that I should pass this point without remarking upon the Judge's baggage, which he began to acquire soon after striking Irish soil, and which has been rapidly growing upon him ever since. It perhaps lacks in some details the full, rich in uncomprehended characteristics of the extreme south of Ireland, still as an acquired baggage it is by no means to be despised. He is thinking of having it stuffed and bringing it home with him.

At one hotel where we took supper the waiter apologized profusely because the Dublin head had all been served and in consequence he could give us nothing better than fresh bread baked twenty-four hours old. They do not consider stale. We told the waiter to fetch on his fresh bread and we would try and worry along with it.

Perhaps the most unsatisfactory thing I encountered was the Irish potato. Here in its native land, as it were, I had thought to see something beyond the common potato of my native land. I was disappointed, gratified, possibly when the new crop is made and may be otherwise. For the sake of travelers who come after me I trust it may be so.

What was it that made certain parts of Ireland seem gloomy even beyond the painful influence of the all prevailing poverty? It was the absence of good birds, I think. There were no crows and no jacksnaws beyond number, but the countless warblers whose little throat make the spring air of New England alive with ceaseless song are not here. Once I heard a thrush, James Wright would have given a dollar to have heard his relatives here—but it was the only one. There are birds here, they tell me, but not to such a degree as with us. Have they not emigrated?

I will stop here. Should I write from now till morning I could not hope to make you see Ireland as I have seen it. Englishmen come over to America, skin through a city or two, take the return steamer home and write an exhaustive description of the social, moral and political United States, which has an enormous sale, as the writer invariably tears our country to the very tatters. Thus I do not see, today, I go out of Ireland with a deep sense of some of the wrongs that exist within her borders. I hope she may live to see herself justly and prudently governed by Irishmen. Whether this glad day will come I confess myself not prophet enough to foretell. The English land-owner has a powerful grip upon the country's throat. What will shake it off? Will war? Ireland doesn't want war. Oh, there's poverty and sorrow and suffering enough here now, without war. Will the ballot? Well, it is doing something, but the end seems centuries off. What, then? I confess I don't know. But something must.

You see I come out of Ireland a hummer! Well, you come over here a few days and you'll be one.

FORTH.

## A PERSIAN SHRINE.

The weather, which at this season in Persia is accompanied with rain, and at times with snow, is as yet too cold for the pilgrims to come in great numbers to the shrine of the Imam Reza in this city writes a Meshed correspondent. The place is therefore at present very quiet. The Khaband, or principal thoroughfare, is not so crowded as it will be later on in the spring. Then the pilgrims will arrive in hundreds every day. The wealth of this shrine is very great. There are villages and land belonging to it all over Persia. In the valley of Nishapur there are, I am told, 12,000 villages. In the great plain around Meshed nearly all the land belongs to the Imam. Although he died about a thousand years ago, he is still spoken of as the proprietor. The water belongs to him also, and that is the most valuable of all, for with out it cultivation cannot be carried on. The shrine is surrounded by a large number of buildings, in which the pilgrims are lodged and fed free of expense. Some thousands can be accommodated, and there is a kitchen of expensive capabilities for supplying food. Even the pigeons which flutter about the golden dome of the Ziarat, as well as around the delicate blue dome of the Yorker Shad Masjid, keep no less, I am informed, than seven miles engaged in bringing in their daily food. Perhaps the only other place of pilgrimage which can be likened to this at Meshed is that of Jang-antha, commonly called Jaggermouth, in Orissa. It also has a large kitchen, which is busy daily cooking food for those connected with the temple, as well as the pilgrims, but I recall rightly the fact is sold in the one case, and is a large source of revenue to the temple, while in the Imam Reza's case the great revenue enables those who have charge of the shrine to give the food as a gift to the pilgrims.

Subscribers finding this paragraph marked will understand that they are in arrears for THE COURIER-GAZETTE. Please remit.

## AMERICAN HUMOR.

"Terrible railroad accident yesterday wasn't it?" "Hain't heard of it, what was it?" "The X rail, you know it?" "Yes, well?" "It paid a dividend."—Boston Herald.

Why should England object to receiving back the crazy Mrs. Duffey? Her peculiar type of crankiness might be of assistance to the authorities in dealing with the dynamiters.—Boston Herald.

Mr. Smiley: "Better let me carry the poodle, my dear, and you can carry the baby." Mrs. Smiley: "No, no; you carry the baby. I cannot trust you with Gyp; you might drop him."—The Rambler.

Do said to a stranger, in a gentlemanly way: "Will you please tell me, sir, the time of the day?"

With his cane he struck Pat a blow on the head.

"It has just struck 1, you don't," he said.

"Be jones," says Pat, "I'm very glad that I know."

But I'm thankful I didn't ask you an hour ago."—Punch.

Fifty years ago the telegraph was unknown. It was impossible at that period for a man to leave home and journey in one direction, and a woman to depart and travel in another, without a dispatch appearing the papers next morning stating that they had eloped together.—Nor. Herald.

Less than fifty years ago it cost for a single letter carried less than eighty miles ten cents. The lovers of fifty years ago who resided eighty miles apart and kept up an epistolary correspondence for a year or so, might have scored a hundred dollars or less, by deferring their communications until the present time; but we don't suppose they ever thought of that.—Nor. Herald.

"Charles," said Mrs. Scoundall, "I saw a beautiful costume at G. & Co.'s today, and I should like it ever so much." "And I should like you to have it," replied Charles, "but really, Chara, I haven't the money to spare." "Oh, you great tease! I know better than that. I saw a brand new checkbook in your desk only yesterday, and not one of the checks had been used."—Boston Transcript.

## PROMINENT PEOPLE.

The rumor that the Presidency of Cornell had been offered to Dr. Duxen of Boston is contradicted.

Rev. F. E. Davidson of Biddeford has been appointed state missionary of the Free Baptists in Maine.

J. C. Flood, of the San Francisco millionaire, is building a palace in which one room will be lined with ivory and gold.

Lord Nathaniel de Rothschild is the first Hebrew to enter the circle of the English peerage under the late act of Mr. Gladstone.

Hon. W. G. Frye, ex Consul General of the United States at Halifax, N. S., was banqueted by the merchants of that city on Saturday night.

Friends of John McCullough say that if all the money borrowed from him by actors and stage managers were returned he would be worth \$500,000.

The visit of King Alfonso to Aranjuez, whether he went a few days ago to see for himself the condition of the cholera-stricken people of that town, will be made the subject of a motion in the Chamber of Deputies. As personal government no longer exists in Spain, the King, it is asserted, cannot resolve upon any course without consulting the responsible Ministers.

Gen. Grant reads or has read to him all the New York papers. The news from Mt. McGregor is the first that he turns to, frequently with a pleasant remark that he desires to learn how he passed the night, and in what condition he ought to find himself on "getting up." He is very sensitive to the reports of the correspondents. Hopeful comment cheers him, and a gloomy story from the cottage depresses him. Nevertheless, he has the newspapers as regularly as his medicine.

It is related of Wagner, that while staying at a hotel in Cologne, where a Prussian General also had rooms, he was attracted one evening by the sound of music under his window. It was doubtless a serenade in his honor, and he naturally felt gratified by the flattering attention. When it was over, he opened the window, and was beginning to express his thanks to the performers when, to his surprise and confusion, his harangue was interrupted by a voice from below rudely bidding him hold his tongue, and intimating, amid roars of laughter from the assembled spectators, that the compliment was not intended for him, but for the general!

When quite young at school, Daniel Webster was one day guilty of a violation of the rules. He was detected in the act, and called up by the teacher for punishment. There was to be the old-fashioned flogging of the hand. His hand happened to be very dirty. Knowing this fact, on his way to the teacher's desk he spat upon the palm of his right hand, wiping it off on the side of his pantaloons. "Give me your hand, sir," said the teacher, very sternly. "Oh, went the right hand, partly cleaned." The teacher looked at it a moment, and said, "Daniel, if you find another hand in this schoolroom as filthy as that I will let you off this time." Instantly from behind his back came the left hand. "Here it is, sir," was the ready reply. "That will do this time," said the teacher, "you can take your seat, sir."





## FOLKS AND THINGS.

Pond lilies are now in blossom. Our ice dealers report more orders than they can fill.

The American Express Co. are now addressed by telephone.

Barnum's big bill-board on Park street has been demolished.

Two small mackerel were caught in the harbor last week.

Yacht Agency and party picknicked at Easter's Cove, Friday.

Elisha S. Rogers is making an addition to his buildings on Rankin street.

The hot days of last week were greatly enjoyed by the quarrymen at the Meadows.

Mrs. J. W. Covel has had her residence on Broadway painted inside and out, greatly improving its tone ensemble. French.

A. H. Fogg is shipping a great many straw-berries to Boston this season. Saturday he shipped eighteen crates, thirty-two boxes to a crate.

A barrel of lums from a Rockland wholesale firm was seized at Vinalhaven last week under the supposition that the barrel contained something contraband.

Linsey wharf has been made the depository of sea gravel for the South end streets. Pile it on Mr. Commissioner, and pile it on thick. No more lumber clips in our.

Yesterday Alben Crouch with two horses and a mowing machine laid low the grass on 2 1/2 acres of land in one hour and forty-five minutes. How's that for quick work?

"A Subscriber," Appleton, is reminded that the name of the writer must accompany all matter sent for publication. This is an invariable rule in all properly conducted newspaper offices.

A city merchant had in his window last week a motto bearing the scriptural quotation "Fight the good fight of faith" while in close proximity lay a pile of boxing gloves labeled "5-a cent."

Dances have been held the past week at the South-end dance stand and have been largely attended and greatly enjoyed. The best of order is maintained and excellent music provided. Another dance will be held this evening.

S. E. Clark has taken F. L. Wardsworth into co-partnership in his prosperous barber business at the Thorne House. Handsomely furnished rooms, good barbers and the best of treatment makes this a favorite resort for people desiring barberism.

A little son of Stephen Chase attempted to crawl through one of the Camden & Rockland Water Co's big 12-inch pipes. The lad got half-way through and then struck. Help was summoned, a rope was passed into him and he was pulled out of his narrow quarters.

My friends, you can say what you may about our railroad, but bear in mind that the Knox & Lincoln transported Barnum's big trains back and forth without so much as cracking a nail. After Barnum got off from the K. & L., however, his progress was simply a succession of railroad accidents and happenings. Here's one feather for the Knox & Lincoln.

Where, oh, where are the little excursions? where, oh, where are the little excursions? Somewhere or other there has been an unprecedented death of excursions this year. It seems too bad when the people are actually crying for somewhere to go, and the Henry Morrison, a splendid excursion boat, lies at Tibbitt's wharf on her off days, unemployed. O, give us an excursion.

Said one of our clear-headed gentlemen, "Before many years Rockland and vicinity is going to make all the casks for the line shipments. It's got to be so. Men way back in the country can't compete with local manufacturers and haul them all the way to market. When casks are made here prices will be more uniform and a week of bad travelling will not run the prices up three or four cents a cask."

STEAMBOAT SPARKS.—Some 50 travelling passenger agents came up on the Mt. Desert Friday.... The Mt. Desert carried over sixty rusticators to Bar Harbor, Saturday morning. The Boston & Bangor line is doing a bigger business this season than it has done heretofore for years.... Steamer Hurricane is at Bath for repairs.... Superintendent James Littlefield, of the Boston & Bangor Steamship Co., and family, are at Fort Point, where they will pass the summer.

A correspondent writes as follows: I noticed in the last number of THE C-G, an account of the merchants of Rockland some fifty years ago and I am reminded of a panorama that was on exhibition some thirty-five years ago of the Main street of that city, painted by a man by the name of Finch, which is still in existence in the relic rooms of A. M. Wetherbee, Warren, together with a view of a lime-kill in full blast, the state prison and the Knox mansion in Thomaston.

A kerosene barrel stood in front of R. Fred Crie & Co's store last week. On the head of the barrel was a pool of water about an inch deep. One of Rockland's common councilmen came along and leaned against the barrel, and then he boosted himself up gracefully and sat on the barrel. He sat there not long, but long enough. The water was wet and also wet were the pantaloons of the city government man as homeward he wended his weary way.

Did any one ever see the sky put on such a wild, unearthly, awe-inspiring countenance as it did Thursday afternoon on the approach of the heavy thunder storm? The storm clouds seemed to press all other clouds before them, the line of demarcation between the two being indicated by a light fleecy ridge which resembled the foam or crest of a wave. Vessels off shore report the storm as a very violent one, the wind for a short time being almost equal to a cyclone.

THE CHURCHES.—Next Sunday will be "Children's Day" at the Church of Immanuel. The sermon and music in the morning will be appropriate to the day and in the evening a concert will be held.... Children's Day was appropriately observed at the First Baptist church Sunday. The music and preaching were appropriate and in the evening an unusually interesting concert was held. The church was largely attended throughout the day.... Rev. W. S. Roberts of the First Baptist church at Thomaston, Sunday afternoon.

Berry Bros. bought a pair of drivers yesterday.

The scythe and mowing machine are the most popular playthings at present.

The sale of pews of the Congregationalist church will be continued Thursday next.

Rockland and Atlantic Granite Companies report plenty of work and scarcity of cutters.

Capt. T. R. Pillsbury has greatly improved the appearance of his house by the application of new paint.

A. C. Page, the Indore Ale man is putting up a variety of English summer drinks, in orange, lemon, raspberry and other flavors.

THE MEADOWS.—Chas. Andrews has bought the Isaac Keller house and will reside there. John Murphy of Wisconsin is visiting at John Doherty's.

Frank Ham has the bonniest dog in the county. He is of the East India persuasion and looks like a big piece of tarred rope frayed out at the ends.

U. S. cutter Woodbury is at the Atlantic wharf being painted within and without. The cutter's crew are camped out in the wharf buildings.

For the last month or so 2500 copies weekly of THE COURIER-GAZETTE have not been able to supply the demand. This, dear friends, is the penalty of popularity.

Sandy Beach, just below the Five Kilns, is the latest summer resort. If you can get an invitation to attend one of the weekly lobster boils there you had better attend.

Cobb, Wight & Co's new three-master is beginning to look something like the blue cart that she is to be. The stem was put up Thursday. The expected hard pine is on the way.

Yesterday noon the outward bound train collided with a lime-rock train driven by James Feyler. The rear wheels of the wagon were torn off and Mr. Feyler was thrown to the ground and somewhat injured.

G. F. Kaler & Co. shipped to A. Storer & Son of Waldoboro, yesterday, the handsomest suit of ship's blocks that ever went out of this city or into Waldoboro. Kaler & Co. are to make a suit of blocks for a vessel building by Thomas E. Gay & Co., Damariscotta.

There will be an entertainment at Rockport Thursday evening for the benefit of the old Ladies Home. The First Baptist Quartet of this city and other of our musicians take part. A large delegation of our people should be present. It will be but a pleasant drive to attend a pleasing concert.

The Long Islander, a paper published in Huntington, L. I., has an account of a wonderful cure performed on a prominent resident of that place by W. S. Crockett, the magnetic physician, of Boston. Mr. Crockett was formerly a resident of this city and is a brother of Prof. A. T. Crockett.

Friday night the watch dog of James Hartnett living on Crockett's Point awoke the family by his barking. The barn across the way, owned by J. R. Farnsworth and filled with hay and straw, was found to be on fire. The alarm was given, the fire company was promptly on the spot and the fire soon extinguished, the inhabitants of houses in close proximity having removed their furniture. The cause of the fire is unknown. The building was insured for \$500 in Cochran & Sewall's agency, the contents being uninsured.

Cries for help were heard from the water back of the Ames & Glover block Wednesday evening about the time that twilight dews are supposed to fall. Investigation disclosed the popular principal of our High School, J. P. Marston, and his worthy wife, clinging to the bottom of their row-boat in a water soaked condition. A punt was pressed into the service and the shipwrecked mariners rescued from what would have proved a muddy grave. When two persons get on the same side of a small boat it sometimes upsets.

Below is a list of the bids for furnishing out ground for the stair-ways for the State War and Navy Department building in Washington, D. C., opened there July 10th. The contract was awarded to the Cape Ann Granite Co., the lowest regular bidders. The National Granite Co., of Philadelphia, made the lowest bid, but it was informal, as no guarantee was given as required. The bids were as follows: National Granite Co., Philadelphia, \$11,257.50; Cape Ann Granite Co., Boston, \$21,737; Westham Granite Co., Richmond, Va., \$21,763; Davis Tilton, Rockland, \$21,810.00; Gill McMahon, Baltimore, Md., \$20,725; Rodwell Granite Co., Rockland, \$21,690. It is something surprising, to say the least, that the second, third and fourth bids should have approximated each other so closely.

Picnic parties sometimes get more than they bargain for. A day or so ago a large party enjoyed themselves at Ash Point. Some of the lady members walked across the bar to Smith's Island and reposed luxuriously on its slope and on reposing serenely unconscious of the rapid rise of the tide. When they attempted to leave the little isle of the sea they found that a small river, about the width of Main street, and about as deep as a man's suspender buttons separated them from vice versa, which is Latin for something. There was no help for it and so plucking up their courage they gathered up their skirts—some did—and boldly forded the raging torrent. They then sat down in the sun for sundry purposes and in the dusk of eventide came home.

The public installation held at the Castle Hall of Gen. Berry Lodge, Knights of Pythias, Thursday evening, was one of the good times. It was made more interesting than any before given by that lodge by the presence of four Grand Officers to conduct the installing services which were performed in a pleasing manner. The shower in the afternoon caused the atmosphere to be cool, so that the one great barrier to public installations in the summer was removed. After the officers were installed, P. C. C. E. Littlefield in behalf of the Knights, presented to the retiring Chancellor Commander, R. H. Burnham, a splendid gold and silver P. C. jewel. This was a complete surprise to Mr. Burnham, but he was able to express to his brother knights his appreciation of their beautiful gift. Remarks for the good of the order were made by Grand Chancellor Lewis A. Barker of Bangor; Grand Master at Arms Geo. W. Hazeltine of Gardiner; G. K. of R. & S. Joseph E. Chute of Portland, P. C. C. E. Littlefield and Knight S. H. Boynton. The latter two, although called upon without notice, were equal to the occasion. After refreshments of ice cream and cake, social games were enjoyed until a late hour.

W. H. Kittredge's dog, "Tincture of arnica" is one of the brightest canines in the city.

C. M. Blake has moved into the Lawrence house on Cottage street recently bought by him. He is making great changes and improvements on the premises.

Grand officers Barker, Chute, Barpee and District Deputy Burnham of the Knights of Pythias did a little missionary work in the interests of the order in Thomaston and Camden last week.

Many new books have been added to Mrs. Morse's circulating library and the patrons of the same are constantly increasing. Cut the advertisement in this paper out and add it to your catalogue.

James Simmons and Wm. Gurney have bought the interest of Mr. Besse in the blacksmith shop on Main street, opposite the Baptist church. They are both fine workmen, and we hope to see them prosper.

Thomas Riley has been employed on the new water works. Yesterday he got full and blocked up the sidewalk. Officer Brackley told him to move on. Riley showed fight and he and Brackley had it out right there. Our deputy marshal was too much for Riley and he soon stung the interior walls of our station-house.

Two of the "De Cama Brothers," aerial bicycle performers, who met with the accident in our rink a few months ago, passed through on the Cambridge Wednesday, en route for Boston where the third man awaited them. They opened in Brooklyn, N. Y., last night for a week's engagement. They hope to visit Rockland in the fall.

A yoke of oxen, while being driven through Main street by a young man, were seized with an irresistible desire to visit the tailor-shop of E. W. Robinson & Co. and did so, prancing clear up to the cutting table. Owing to run of custom Mr. Robinson could not measure them just then and they departed. It has since been told us that they made a mistake and were looking for a horn. If they had only steered to the left they might have procured a dose of oxalic acid.

The cook book, edited by the ladies of the Universalist church, long and impatiently expected, has been issued from this office and is offered for sale by the ladies of the church of Immanuel. The book is all and more than has been claimed for it. The ladies, as is the way with that portion of humanity after they started knew not when to stop, and the result is a very large, complete and exhaustive book of the best tested recipes. The men of the house will buy it because the lady of the house is bound to have it. Cooks cannot get along without it and everyone ought to have it. As we have stated heretofore, only a limited number has been printed, and those who come first will be first served. The book is substantially and neatly bound in a board cover, handsomely printed and well arranged. Fifty cents a copy is the selling price.

Dr. F. E. Hitchcock of this city has been appointed special correspondent of the State Board of Health. Any complaints, inquiries or other matters connected with the mission of the State Board or of state importance should be addressed to him. Any information in regard to the altitude of different sections of land in this vicinity, temperature records, nature of soil, geological formation, facts regarding swampy or marshy land, stagnant water, nuisances or any causes of disease apparent or fancied, all such points as these imparted to him by E. F. Hitchcock in their praise-worthy efforts to keep our state free from epidemics. Descriptions of peculiar diseases, or peculiar forms of diseases prevalent in certain districts, especially in regard to scarlet fever, diphtheria, typhoid fever, consumption and particulars in regard to schools, whether any form of disease has originated among teachers and scholars through faulty ventilation or heating, sewerage or location, whether head-aches are frequent, whether any particular buildings are markedly unhealthy, etc., will be of the utmost importance. A little attention and time given to this may prevent many a serious visitation.

## AMUSEMENTS.

A very interesting, enjoyable and attractive musical and literary entertainment will be given in the vestry of the Congregationalist church the 23d of this month. Miss Hattie Lincoln Tilton, the accomplished young clairvoyant, will be one of the attractions. More particulars next week.

The company that makes its first appearance at Farwell Hall Monday and Tuesday July 20th and 21st, is Moore and Fisk's "Phunny Places" Comedy Company. Judging from what is said of the artists connected with this company it must be a fine one. The comedy is brim full of fun, sparkling with the latest instrumental and vocal gems, beautiful tableaux and brilliant stage appointments. George Moore is said to be pre-eminent in his role, and a host in himself. The character pictures are called true to nature and "Mose" Fiske is too well known here to need any praise. The prices are low, 15, 20 and 30 cents.

At the Columbia rink, Boston, Tuesday evening, a five-mile race between Snowden, the six day champion, and E. L. Madlocks, formerly of this city the champion for 24 hours, for a purse of \$100, was won by Snowden in 18 minutes and 8 seconds.

"Blind Tom," the pianist, who has played in this city, has been a prominent feature in the Virginia courts the past week. His mother put in a claim for him, but Tom preferred to remain with Gen. Bethune, who has always cared for him. The court decided in Gen. Bethune's favor.

## A CARD.

Miss Rosa M. Keene will receive pupils for instruction on the piano.

"But I am constant as the northern star, of whose true-fixed and resting quality there is no fellow in the firmament."—Julius Caesar.

The Union Mutual Life is one of the oldest companies in the country. It has fairly won its enviable reputation for solidity and stability. Its financial strength is known to everybody. In dealing with it, therefore, you are not obliged to investigate or consider the question of its ability to carry out its contracts. That goes without saying among all well informed people.

James Stinson, Manager, Portland, Me., H. J. Cole, District Agent, Rockland.

Fish receipts at Gloucester stage Saturday are \$77,900 pounds of codfish, including live fish of 123,000 pounds from Bangor and ten fairs of 350,000 pounds from Brown's bank.

## STILL DIGGING.

The Dirt Flies, the Trenches Lengthen and the Pipe is Laid.

Schooner D. S. Siner arrived Wednesday forenoon with 8000 feet of the long-expected and massive-appearing 12 inch pipe for Camden & Rockland Water Co., which has now been discharged and is being transported and laid along the streets from the Congregationalist church to the Sherer house on the corner of Maverick and North Main streets. Here also a large portion of the pipe is being piled up ready to be hauled onto the fields intervening between the road and the reservoir on Juniper Hill, which will be done as soon as the grass is mown.

A crew of men commenced work at the corner of North Main and Cedar streets, Friday, laying 12-inch pipe directly up North Main street to the corner of Maverick and North Main. Today another crew commenced laying 10-inch pipe through Rockville, direct for Oyster River Pond where a large force is at work stripping logs and trenching. Yesterday morning some twenty or thirty-five of the men, being dissatisfied with the pay received, threw down their picks and shovels and struck out for the hay fields. About 100 men are now at work for the new company. Saturday's pay roll amounted to \$850.

The trenchers had hard work on Sea street Wednesday. The bank was constantly caving in and it was found necessary to place supports all along the ditch. Wednesday noon workmen accidentally fouled the pipe of the old company letting on a large flow of water. The old company was notified of the break, but for some reason or other the water was not shut off for some time. A dam was made in the ditch, before it was flooded, and the water drained off. The new works are rapidly going ahead and everything points to a supply of Oyster River Pond water ere long.

Suit has been commenced by bill in equity against Camden & Rockland Water Co., by the Rockland Water Co., asking that they may be restrained from proceeding further with their work, and was served today upon A. F. Crockett the president of the company.

## Births.

Rockland, July 8, to Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Rehman, a daughter.

Rockland, July 10, to Mr. and Mrs. Edward V. Day, a son. (John Edward)

Rockland, July 8, to Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Page, a daughter.

Cushing, July 11, to Mr. and Mrs. Edward Burt, a son.

Haverhill, Mass., July 5, to Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Pottle, formerly of Rockland, a daughter.

## Marriages.

South Hope, July 4, by Nathaniel Alford, Esq., John Simmons and Ma M. Pitcher, both of Seaboard.

Camden, Mass., June 24, Edwin B. Thornehill, formerly of Camden, and Helen G. Kinsey, both of Camden.

Portland, June 24, Charles D. Bagley, formerly of Vinalhaven, and Mary Barker, both of Portland.

Vinalhaven, July 2, John W. Gould and Henrietta Gray, both of Vinalhaven.

Rockport, July 10, John Small and Sarah Maguire, both of Rockport.

## Deaths.

Saratoga, N. Y., June 2, Ambrose Pendleton, formerly of Rockland, aged 84 years.

Ash Point, South Thomaston, July 10, Levi A. Hall, aged 48 years, 2 months, 2 days.

Rockport, July 8, Thomas Fitzgerald, aged 57 years, 1 month, 26 days.

Waldoboro, July 7, William Gonthier, aged 23 years.

Waldoboro, July 6, Lizzie, daughter of the late James Chute.

Ash Point, South Thomaston, July 4, George Perry, wife of John E. Hatell, and daughter of Capt. J. G. Clark, aged 31 years, 1 month, 15 days.

North Warren, July 2, Flora B. Caldwell, aged 16 years, 1 month, 10 days.

Lincolnton, June 25, Debra L., widow of Avery Dean, aged 4 years.

Vinalhaven, July 8, Samuel Mills, aged 67 years, 10 months.

Waldoboro, Mass., July 3, G. W. Haskell, formerly of Deer Isle. Remains carried to Deer Isle for interment.

Waldoboro, Mass., July 11, Hon. Hiram Pender, aged 62 years.

## LOST.

An Account Book that is of no value to anybody but the owner. The finder will receive a favor by leaving the same at this office.

## LOST.

A Young Slave Kidney, gravely malade. The finder will be rewarded on leaving the same at the store of FARRAND, SPARKS & CO.

## GIRL WANTED.

A second girl, to do chamber and table work. Apply to Mrs. FRANKS'S COOK, Beech Street.

## GIRL WANTED.

A girl wanted to do general housework. Apply at 22 GRACE STREET.

## FOR SALE.

Several nice House Lots on Tenet and Walnut streets. Also, a good Family Horse. Apply to G. W. BERRY.

## NOTICE.

Having closed my store, being about to leave the State, I wish all having Unsettled Accounts to present the same for payment or settlement. I can be found at Little L. Wiggin's Store at present.

## FOR SALE CHEAP.

One French Office Table, Rosewood Frame SHOW CASE, fifteen feet long. Also a stock of JEWELRY and FANCY GOODS, and a JEWELRY SAFE, a nice one 2 1/2 feet and 6 feet high. Weight 500 pounds. Address GEO. H. HAYNES, Camden, Me.

## WANTED.

A PLACE for a 12 year old, 14 inch and willing to work. Large and strong of his age. Understands the care of horses, cows and other stock. Please in or near the city preferred. Apply at this office for further information.

## FOR SALE.

A well-built, desirable House known as the "Furthest House," at South Thomaston. Its location, number of rooms, furniture, and arrangement make it in every way a desirable place for a private residence, for a summer hotel or a tenement house. One half acre of land goes with the house. Advantages terms will be offered. Apply to C. M. HAYES, South Thomaston.

## CITY OF ROCKLAND.

NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS. Sealed proposals will be received by the Joint standing committee of the City Council on School buildings, until Friday, July 18, at 12 o'clock M., for steam heating apparatus for the High school building. For plans and specifications address chairman of committee.

The committee reserve the right to reject any and all proposals received, and the bidders must furnish bonds with sufficient surety satisfactory to the Mayor of the City of Rockland.

Proposals to be addressed to R. H. Burnham, Chairman, 250 Main St., Rockland, Me.

R. H. BURNHAM, Committee on School buildings.

## L. S. Robinson's Shoe Shop is over

H. N. Keene's Store, at the Brook.

## NEW BOOKS

ADDED TO—

MRS. MORSE'S

Circulating Library.

June & July, 1885.

417 Phantom Fortune, M. E. Bradburn

418 Wives Head, W. H. C. Brown

419 Say No, W. H. C. Brown

420 Desperate Romance, W. H. C. Brown

421 Shadowed to Europe, W. H. C. Brown

422 The Second Wife, W. H. C. Brown

423 From the German by Mrs. A. L. Webster, W. H. C. Brown

424 Doctor Claudius, W. H. C. Brown

425 Doctor Claudius, W. H. C. Brown

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## CORRESPONDENCE.

## THOMASTON.

Rev. W. A. Newcomb has been on a visit to Rockland.

Charles T. Starr of Boston is at the house of R. D. Starr.

Mrs. Frederick K. Cushing is at the house of J. G. Cushing.

Mrs. A. A. Keene (nee Abba O'Brien) is on a visit to her parents.

Daniel Murphy has returned from Portland in improved health.

Horace Henderson, Principal of South Abington High School is in town.

Mrs. Andrew R. Prior, of Lynn, Mass., is at Mrs. Speed's, Georges street.

Charles P. Vesper of Boston is at the residence of Capt. Peter Vesper.

An ice cream social will be held at the Methodist vestry tomorrow evening.

Capt. N. B. Jordan of ship R. D. Rice is at the house of his mother, West Main street.

Will Keating, with Jackson, Mandall & Daniels, Boston, is passing his vacation at home.

Ferdinand Robinson and Will Robinson of Worcester, Mass., are at the house of John M. Cushing.

Frank Henry while on excursion down river fell and striking against a boat received severe injury of left leg.

Mrs. Joseph S. Burgess and Miss Tillie Burgess of Brooklyn, N. Y., are at the house of Capt. Carey Levensaler.

Miss Mary Conner and Miss Robbins (daughter of W. M. Robbins) are at the house of J. B. Watts, Gleason street.

Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Noves, of Norton, Mass., who have been at the residence of Dr. Levensaler the past few days, left for Bath today.

Mrs. Isabella Starr of Spencer, Mass., is on a visit to her former home. Her son, H. F. Starr, accompanied his mother here, but has returned to Spencer.

The old Ephraim Jordan house has been purchased by Mr. B. North, and is being sold by Mr. North.

With the timber and lumber, Mr. North will build a house on a lot recently purchased of A. J. Shibles.

A town meeting will be held at Union Hall, Saturday, the 18th inst., to act on the recommendations of the State Board of Health, and also upon report of the committee in relation to a water supply for the town.

Some time within a fortnight the Ladies Library association will hold an entertainment for the benefit of the library.

The library has recently received additions of new books, and need more to keep up the interest of the reading public. We hope all will bear in mind this statement, and aid this most important association in our village. Good reading matter is what we all require.

An excursion party went to the White Mountains Wednesday last composed of the following named persons: Capt. E. A. Robinson, Misses Jennie Cushman, Lizzie and Annie Dean, Lucy Allen, Emma and Carrie Connor, Annie Gerry, Blanch Robinson, Ella Mills, Clara Creighton, Messrs. Edmund Prince, Wallace Mason, Chas. Copeland, Ralph Patterson, Levi Gilchrist of Thomaston with Mrs. Merriam, Mrs. Clay and Mr. Cooper of Gardiner, Miss Lena Smith of Bangor, and Miss Nell Weston of Arlington, Mass., Cora Spear of San Francisco.

The headquarters of the party during their stay at the Mountains is at the Randall House, North Conway. They remain about ten days and are having a very pleasant time.

Last evening a large and pleasant party gathered at the spacious parlors of the residence of Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Levensaler on Gleason street, the same being the guests of Raymond L. Levensaler, of San Francisco, attending on the anniversary of his natal day, but being a bachelor was refrained from obvious reasons to tell his age. The principal feature of the evening was the singing by Mrs. Lizzie Clark Cushing who very agreeably surprised even those who knew the wonderful compass of her voice by the charming manner in which she sang several selections during the evening.

Mrs. Cushing is devoting a great deal of time and study to vocal music and with her extensive visit abroad we predict for her in the future eminent success in her chosen profession.

Miss Flora Putnam was the accompanist, and a duet was sung by Mrs. Cushing and C. P. Vesper. It was the theme of general remark that the ladies were elegantly dressed, and never appeared more attractive. The company was voted a success in every particular.

**SOUTH THOMASTON.**

E. F. Avery of Vinahaven visited here the Fourth.

Smith Wade has sold his gray horse.

Frank & Ingram are putting on more stone cutters.

The Methodist society wish to return thanks to those who contributed or aided in painting their chapel.

At the regular meeting of the Knox Lodge, E. and A. M., Saturday night, Freeman Sellers took his final degree. There were four visiting brethren from Thomaston and one from St. George.

Geo. Fales, from Milford, has returned home to a few days among us. William Counts from the west, formerly of this place, is here on business. Mrs. Melitah Wilcher is in town visiting her many friends. Miss Alice A. Brown and Mrs. W. W. Waterman have returned home. Mr. Staples and wife, from Sandy Point, are visiting their daughter, Mrs. Samuel Porter. Miss Abby Graves is confined to the house with rheumatism.

J. Fred Dow and wife and Ira Snow went out to their island on the cold-ship ground last week. After they had been there some time Mrs. Dow got an extraordinary late which brought her to her feet, although she never dared before to stand in a boat. Finally she managed with her hands snatched up in the slack of her line, to get two large codfish and herself bounding in the bottom of the boat. It took her half hour to the rest of the day to clear her head. Does not this solve the mystery of what they do at Pleasant Beach?

E. Rice Rowell, esq., supervisor of schools for this town has issued a circular informing the candidates for teachers of the town, schools that on Saturday, August 1st, at one o'clock, p. m., he will be present at the High School for the purpose of examining all applicants, in physical and hygiene, with special reference to the effects of alcoholic drinks, stimulants, and narcotics upon the human system. Those now employed and all who expect to be employed are expected to be present. Those who have not already received certificates will be examined in other branches of study.

**OWL'S HEAD.**

B. C. Sleeper has a new mowing machine.

Daniel Pierce has traded horses and also bought a new one of Mr. Graham.

Rev. S. M. Dutton will preach at Tumble Hill School-house next Sunday at 10 a. m.

Roxanna and Elvina Hanson of Waterville have been stopping here a few days. E. A. Carpenter and wife and Mrs. Hopkins and Mrs. D. D. Rawson, R. I., are visiting at Mrs. R. D. Rawson's. Mrs. Mettie Harriman of Stockton is visiting her sister, Mrs. Chas. Dyer.

**NORTH WALDOBORO.**

Frank W. Sprague bought of Mary A. Hodgkins one half of the farm known as the Samuel Henders estate, and is finishing the interior and exterior.

Samuel Water is renovating the interior of the house. The carpenter work is supervised by Mr. Olin A. Brown. Mr. Brown has done a good deal of building at this place for a few years past and the quality of his work always gives satisfaction.

Hudson L. Mink, whom returning home from a long illness, is now enjoying the best of health. He has been in the hospital for some time, but has been able to walk and move about.

These patients and took to the rooms.

## CAMDEN.

Joe Perry, esq., has had his block on Main street painted in colors.

Rev. H. C. Wainwright, of Houlton, preached at the M. E. Church Sunday afternoon, and Rev. N. D. Clifford, of Marshall, Texas, in the evening.

Left Lovell, Carleton House, Rockport, has quite a number of summer tourists from Hyde Park and other points and many more rooms engaged.

From Norwood and two children from Spencer, Mass., are visiting Mr. Norwood, on Elm street. The handsome oak tree in his front yard, Mr. Norwood informs us, is 100 years old.

A new cottage city has been started this year at the foot of Mt. Megunticook on Canaan Lake. Several new cottages have been opened during the last few weeks. Three lots have been bought by Geo. Hill, a Boston merchant.

Joe Swan, the undertaker, has an old-fashioned chair that has been in his ancestor's family 175 years in constant use, and is in good repair. He also has a casket of his own manufacture for use when he "shuffles off this mortal coil."

Mrs. Alex Buchanan has had her house on Monmouth street painted recently, and it is now one of the most attractive houses on the street. Hon. Wm. R. Porter of Boston and Messrs. Lennie and Lillie are stopping here at present. Mr. Porter is a brother of Mrs. Buchanan.

Tuesday evening, July 7th, C. K. Miller, was installed N. G. of Mt. Beattie Lodge, I. O. O. F.; Clarence Paul, Vice Grand; John C. Curtis, Sec.; George Hunt, Treas.; Corydon Colcord, Warden; Frank Halsey, Conductor; Dr. Robinson, R. S. G.; Thos. A. Hunt, I. S. N. G.; C. B. Venzle, R. S. V. G.; A. D. Gardner, I. S. V. G.; Fred Aldus, R. S.; E. H. Young, S. G.; Capt. Isaac Goss, Chaplain; by Deputy John Colson, Rockland.

The opera, "Grandpa's Birthday," drew a good house at the Methodist Hall, Friday evening. Mr. McCarthy as "Grandpa" took his part well. The young misses had their parts to perfection. Miss Mac McCarthy, under whose management the arrangements were perfected, was quite ill and unable to take her part, although present and sang in a trio. The other young ladies who assisted did their parts finely. The tableaux were excellent.

The Bay View had the following arrivals of summer tourists last week: A. B. Haskell, New York; E. S. Hunt, and wife, Boston; J. C. Jones, James M. Shute and wife, Boston; H. C. Moody, Omaha, Neb.; Col. F. C. Knight and family, Rockland; The Mountain View, J. E. Farrow and wife, Boston; Miss Carrie E. Brainerd, Boston; H. C. Lathrop, Baltimore; Mrs. C. E. Freeman, Somerville; Thos. L. Mills and wife, Springfield, Vt.

Gen. John D. East is in Bangor on business this week. J. H. Simonton of the Union Mutual Insurance Co., Portland, was at home Saturday. Mrs. H. B. Berry and daughter of Providence, R. I., are visiting at her father's, Mr. Perry's, Elm street. Mr. Weeks, one of the firm of Isaac Fennell & Co., Boston, is at Mrs. C. G. Barchelder's, Elm street. His wife accompanies him. Capt. Holyoke and family from Brewer are at their cottage for the summer.

The descendants of William Hunt, who came to Concord, Mass., in 1635 are to have a reunion there August 12th, 25th years having elapsed since Thos. H. Hunt and Mrs. Hannah Locke of Camden are descendants and among the invited guests. There are sixty-two names on the list of the reunion committee. They are to have a memorial book immediately after the reunion containing a full history of the family, illustrated with the Hunt coat of arms and the old homestead and original deeds to William Hunt. There will be representatives from almost every state in the Union.

Camden is noted for its shipbuilding, ice business, line production, anchor works and other manufactures, and has acquired a world-wide reputation, and it is one of the most frequented summer resorts on the coast, having fine hotels to accommodate the summer people, first-class boarding houses for all who wish, also elegant summer houses belonging to parties in Bangor, Boston, New York and Philadelphia, whose families are here all through the heated term where they can enjoy the cool and mountain air and the view of the sea, and the beautiful scenery of the coast, and the summer cottages being fitted up equal to any at Bar Harbor or any other summer resorts in Maine. There is one enterprise here the magnitude of which is not generally known, the strawberry and fruit business of Corbitt Bros. of Rockport. They have acres of fine Wilsons, Albany and Glendale strawberries at their home in Rockport village, four acres within a half-mile on the road to Camden, and four acres at Shumtons Corner. They are now picking and shipping daily, and will ship this year beside what they sell to local trade, 600 crates. E. Hanson has three acres bearing this year, and has set out 25,000 plants, new ones, and expects a yield of 200 bushels. He ships to Boston. Abel Merriam has 2 1/2 acres, and expects a yield of 30,000 crates. They also have 700 bearing apple trees and 75 pear trees, and with fair success will produce 600 bushels. They make their own crates for strawberries, such as building them, they will ship this year beside what they sell to local trade, 600 crates. E. Hanson has three acres bearing this year, and has set out 25,000 plants, new ones, and expects a yield of 200 bushels. He ships to Boston. Abel Merriam has 2 1/2 acres, and expects a yield of 30,000 crates. 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An agent of the Law and Order League was terribly beaten at Marblehead last week. He was walking along the street, and two men in a buggy drove up behind him. They got out and attacked him, beating him frightfully. His face was pounded beyond recognition. One eye was torn out and lay upon his cheek, and his body was kicked and pounded black and blue. He was soon unconscious, and then his assailants threw his body into the road, jumped into their carriage and drove the team over him as he lay in the dirt. When runaways are obliged to resort to such methods as the above it is strong evidence that they are being pushed pretty severely. The run-aways are their own greatest enemy. Examples like the above make many converts to the temperance cause.

The *Boston Journal* states that Colby University has opened its doors to ladies. The *Journal* is right. Colby has been a co-educational institution for nearly ten years. Bates was the first college in the state to admit ladies to its educational privileges, and Colby soon followed. So far, however, it has not proved much of a success, the proportion of attendance being about one lady to every fifteen gentlemen. The experiment will not be given a fair trial, however, until female dormitories are erected and other steps taken so that ladies can have equal facilities with the male students. Co-education in Maine colleges so far has proved a failure.

"Young man, you are going plain to school," said an irate father to his dissipated son. "Well," chimed in the sympathetic mother, who had not read the reviled edition, "let him go, you never want to give him a chance to go any place anyway."

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In testimony whereof witness my  
hand and seal of office, this 19th day  
of June, 1855.

H. W. CANNON,  
Comptroller of the Currency.